

THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEIOESTER FORD.

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CHAPTER XII.
AN EVENING IN JAIL.

Before my ideas had had time to straighten themselves out I was lifted to my feet and half pushed, half lifted, to the station platform. Camp was already there, and as I took this fact in my mind, I saw that the platform was crowded with people. The reports were now in Lord Rallos' hands.

"That's what we want, boys," cried Camp, "those letters."

"Take your hands off me," said Lord Rallos coolly, "and I'll give them to you."

The men who had hold of his arms let go of him, and quick as a flash Rallos tore the papers in two. He tried to tear them once more, but before he could do so half a dozen men were holding him and the papers were forced out of his hands. Albert Cullen—for all of them were on the platform of 218 by this time—shouted, "Well done, Rallos!" quite forgetting in the excitement of the moment his English accent and drawl. Apparently Camp didn't agree with him, for he ripped out a string of oaths which he indignantly divided among Rallos, the cowboys and myself. I was decidedly sorry that I hadn't given the next letters for his lordship apparently had no scruple about destroying them, and I knew how much I would have seen behind prison bars with as little personal regret. However, no one had apparently paid the slightest attention to the papers, and the probabilities were that he was already headed for Baldwin's ranch, with no likelihood of his stopping till he reached home. At least that was what I hoped, but there were a lot of points standing about, and not knowing the markings of the one I had ridden, I wasn't able to tell whether he might not be among them.

Just as the fragments of the papers were passed over to Mr. Camp he was joined by Baldwin and the judge, and Camp held the torn pieces up to them, saying:

"They've torn the proxies in two."

"Don't let that trouble you," said the judge. "Make an affidavit before me, reciting the manner in which they were destroyed, and I'll grant you a mandamus compelling the directors to accept them as bona fide proxies. Let me see how much injured they are."

Camp unfolded the papers and I chuckled to myself at the look of surprise that overspread his face as he took in the fact that they were nothing but section reports. And, though I don't like to cuss words, I have to acknowledge that I enjoyed the two or three that he promptly ejaculated.

When the first surprise of the trio was over, they called on the sheriff, who arrived opportunely, to take us into 97 and search the three of us, a proceeding that puzzled Fred and his lordship not a little, for they weren't on to the fact that the letters hadn't been recovered. I presume the latter will some day write a book dwelling on the favorite theme of the foreigner—that there is no personal privacy in America. The running remarks as the search was made seemed to open Fred's eyes, for he looked at me with a puzzled air, but I winked and frowned at him, and he put his face in order.

When the papers were not found on any of us, Camp and Baldwin both nearly went down. Baldwin suggested that I had never had the papers, but Camp argued that Fred or Lord Rallos must have hidden them in the car in spite of the fact that the cowboys who had caught them insisted that they couldn't have had time to hide the papers. Anyway they spent an hour in searching about in my car, and even searched my two darkies, on the possibility that the true letters had been passed on to them.

While they were engaged in this I was trying to think out some way of letting Mr. Cullen and Albert know where the letters were. The problem was to suggest the saddle to them without letting the cowboys understand, and by good luck I thought I had the means. Albert had complained to me the day we had ridden out to the Indian dwellings at Flagstaff that his saddle fretted some pained spots which he had chafed on his trip to Moran's Point. Hoping he would "catch on," I shouted to him:

"How are your sore spots, Albert?"

He looked at me in a puzzled way and called, "Aw—I don't understand you!"

"Those sore spots you complained about to me the day before yesterday," I explained.

He didn't seem any the less befogged as he replied, "I had forgotten all about them."

"I've got a touch of the same trouble," I went on, "and if I were you I'd look into the cause."

Albert only looked very much mystified, and I didn't dare say more, for at this point the trio, with the sheriff, came out of my car. If I hadn't known that the letters were safe, I could have read the story in their faces; for more disgust and angry-looking men I have rarely seen.

They had a talk with the sheriff, and then Fred, Lord Rallos and I were marched off by the official, his lordship demanding sight of a warrant and protesting against the illegality of his arrest, varied at moments by threats to appeal to the British consul, minister plenipotentiary, her majesty's foreign office, etc., all of which had about as much influence on the sheriff and his cowboy assistants as a Mogul Indian snake dance would have in stopping a runaway engine. I confess to feeling a certain grim satisfaction in the fact that if I was to be shut off from seeing Madge the Britisher was in the same box with me.

people, Mr. Gordon, just quit shovin your friends. My shoulder feels like—"

Perhaps it's just as well not to say what his shoulder felt like. The western vocabulary is expressive, but at times not quite fit for publication.

The moment the sheriff was gone Fred wanted the mystery of the letters explained, and I told him all there was to tell, including as good a description of the pony as I could give him. We tried to hit on some plan to get word to those outside, but it wasn't to be done. At least it was a point gained that some one of our party besides myself knew where the letters were.

The sheriff returned presently with a loaf of canned bread and a tin of beans. If I had been alone, I should have kicked at the food and got permission for my boys to send me up something from 97, but I thought I'd see how Lord Rallos would like genuine western fare, so I said nothing. That, I have to state, is more—or rather less—than the Britisher did after he had sampled the stuff, and really I don't blame him, much as I enjoyed his rage and disgust.

It didn't take long to finish our supper, and then Fred, who hadn't slept much the night before, stretched out on the floor and went to sleep. Lord Rallos and I sat on boxes—the only furniture the room contained—about as far apart as we could get, he in the snuffs and I whistling cheerfully. I should have liked to be with Madge, but he wasn't, so there was some compensation, and I knew that time was playing the cards in our favor. So long as they hadn't found the letters we had only to sit still to win.

About an hour after supper the sheriff came back and told me Camp and Baldwin had been in.

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you've played a pretty cute game," said a pretty cute game, and I suppose you think you stand to win the pot."

"I'm not complaining," I said.

"Still," said Camp angrily, as if my contented manner fretted him, "our time will come presently, and we can make it pretty uncomfortable for you. Illegal proceedings put a man in jail in the long run."

"I hope you take your lesson to heart," I remarked cheerfully, which made Camp scowl worse than ever.

"Now," said Baldwin, who kept cool, "two know you are not risking loss of position and the state's prison for nothing, and we want to know what there is in it for you."

"I wouldn't bet my chance of state's prison against yours, gentlemen. And while I may lose my position I'll be a long way from starvation."

"That doesn't tell us what Cullen gives you to take the risk."

"Mr. Cullen hasn't given or even hinted that he'll give anything."

"And Mr. Gordon hasn't asked, and if I know him, wouldn't take a cent for what he has done," said Fred, rising from the floor.

"You mean to say you are doing it for nothing?" exclaimed Camp, incredulously.

"That's about the truth of it," I said, though I thought of Madge as I said it and felt guilty in suggesting that she was nothing.

"Then what is your motive?" cried Baldwin.

If there had been any use, I should have replied, "The right," but I knew that they would only think I was posing if I said it. Instead I replied:

"Mr. Cullen's party has the stock majority in their favor and would have won a fair fight if you had played fair. Since you didn't, I'm doing my best to put things to rights."

Camp cried, "All the more fool!"—but Baldwin interrupted him by saying:

"That only shows what a mean cuss Cullen is. He ought to give you \$10,000 if he gives you a cent."

"Yes," cried Camp, "those letters are worth money, whether he's offered it or not."

"Mr. Cullen never so much as hinted paying me," said I.

"Well, Mr. Gordon," said Baldwin suavely, "we'll show you that we can be liberal. Though the letters rightfully belong to Mr. Camp, if you'll deliver them to us we'll see that you don't lose your place, and we'll give you \$5,000."

I glanced at Fred, whom I found looking at me anxiously, and asked him:

"Can't you do better than that?"

"We could with any one but you," said Fred.

I merely shook hands, but I wanted the worst way to say:

"Tell Madge."

CHAPTER XIII.
A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Within five minutes we had a big surprise, for the sheriff and Mr. Baldwin came back, and the former announced that Fred and Lord Rallos were free, having been released on bail. When we found that Camp had gone on the local, I knew that there was a scheme of some sort in the move, and, taking Fred aside, I warned him against trying to re-occupy the proxies.

"They probably think that one or the other of you knows where the letters are hidden," I whispered, "and they'll keep a watch on you, so go slow."

He nodded and followed the sheriff and Lord Rallos out.

The moment they were gone Mr. Baldwin said, "I came back to give you a last chance."

"That's very good of you," I said.

"I warn you," he said threateningly, "we are not men to be beaten. There are 50 cowboys of mine in this town who think you were concerned in the holding up. By merely tipping them the wink they'll have you out of this, and after they've got you outside I wouldn't give the toss of a nickel for your life. Now, then, will you hand over those letters or will you go to inside of ten minutes?"

I lost my temper in turn. "I'd much prefer going to some place where I was less sure of meeting you," I retorted, "and, as for the cowboys, you'll have to be as tricky with them as you want to be with me before you'll get them to back you up in your dirty work."

At this point the sheriff called back to ask Baldwin if he was coming.

"All right," cried Baldwin and went to the door. "This is the last call," he said, pausing for a moment on the threshold.

"I hope so," said I, more calmly in manner than in feeling. I have to acknowledge, for I didn't like the look of things, that they were in earnest I felt pretty certain, for I understood now why they had let my companions out of jail. They didn't care to risk hanging more than was necessary.

A long time seemed to pass after they were gone, but in reality it wasn't more than 15 minutes before I heard some one steal up and softly unlock the door. I confess the evident endeavor to do it quietly gave me a scare, for it seemed to me it couldn't be an above board movement. Thinking this, I picked up the box on which I had been sitting and prepared to make the best fight I could. It was a good deal of relief, therefore, when the door opened just wide enough for a man to put in his head, and I heard the sheriff's voice say softly:

"Hi, Gordon!"

I was at the door in an instant and asked:

"What's up?"

"They've gotten the boys together and say that you shot a woman in the hold up."

"It's an infernal lie," I said.

"Sounds that way to me," said the sheriff, "but two-thirds of the boys are drunk, and it's a long time since they've had any fun."

"Well," I said, as calmly as I could, "are you going to stand by me?"

"I would, Mr. Gordon," he replied, "if there was any good, but there ain't time to get a posse, and what's one Winchester against a mob of cowboys like that?"

"If you'll lend me your gun," I said, "I'll show just what it is worth without troubling you."

"I'll do better than that," said the sheriff, "and that's what I'm here for. Just sneak while there's time."

"You mean?" I exclaimed.

"That's it. I'm going away, and I'll leave the door unlocked. If you get clear, let me know your address, and later, if I want you, I'll send you word." He took a grip on my fingers that numbed them as if they had been caught in an airbrake and disappeared.

I slipped out after the sheriff without loss of time. That there wasn't much to spare was shown by a crowd with some torches down the street, collected in front of a saloon. They were making a good deal of noise, even for the west. Evidently the flame was being fanned. Not wasting time, I struck for the railroad, because I knew the geography of that best, but still more because I wanted to get to the station.

I dropped down on my hands and knees, and got to the station. It was a big risk to go there, but it was one I was willing to take for the object I had in view, and since I had to take it, it was safest to get through with the job before the discovery was made that I was no longer in jail.

It didn't take me three minutes to reach the station. The whole place was black as a coal damper, except for the slices of light which shone through the cracks of the entrance which was in the station and the glow of the row of saloons 20 feet away. I was in it.

CHAPTER XIV.
LISTENERS NEVER HEAR ANYTHING GOOD.

Before I had coasted through the station the sheriff's indignant declaration of the campers of the proxy to Lord Rallos had been demanding to know what the town laws. It was a long time before I could get to the station, and I had to wait for a while before I could get to the station.

"I believe you're wasting time in order to help him escape," spluttered Camp, so angry as hardly to be able to articulate. "If you won't do your duty, I'll take the law into my own hands and order the car searched."

"Nothing of the kind," said the sheriff. "But when a female is in question, a gentleman, Mr. Camp, you should be polite."

"Politeness be — — —" cried Camp.

"Get angry as you like," said the sheriff wrathfully. "But — — —" and he — — — talk in the presence of a lady."

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however, that there might be a spy lurking somewhere, for it was likely that Camp would hope to get some clew of the letters by keeping a watch on the station and the cars. Thinking boldness the safest course, I walked on to the platform without hesitation and went into the station. The "night man" was sitting in his chair, nodding, but he waked up the moment I spoke.

"Don't speak my name," I said warningly as he struggled to his feet, and then in the few possible words I told him what I wanted of him—to find if the pony I had ridden (Camp's or Baldwin's) was in town, and, if so, to learn where it was and to get the letters on the quiet from under the saddle flap. I chose this man, first, because I could trust him and, next, because I had only one of the Cullens as an alternative, and if any of them went sneaking round it would be sure to attract attention.

"The moment you have the letters, put them in the station safe," I added, "and then get word to me."

"And where'll you be, Mr. Gordon?" asked the man.

"In these any place about here that's a safe hiding spot for a few hours?" I asked. "I want to stay till I'm sure those letters are safe, and after that I'll steal on board the first train that comes along."

"Then you'll want to be near here," said the man. "I'll tell you—I've got just the place for you. The platform's boarded in all round, but I noticed one plank that's loose at one end, right at this high corner, and if you just pry it open enough to get in and then pull the board in place they'll never find you."

"That will do," I said, "and when the letters are safe come out on the platform, walk up and down once, bang the door twice, and then say, 'That local freight is late.' And if you get a chance tell one of the Cullens where I'm hidden."

I crossed the platform boldly, jumped down and walked away. But after going 50 feet I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled back. Inside of two minutes I was safely stored away under the platform in about as neat a hiding place as a man could ask. In fact, if I had only had my wits enough about me to borrow a revolver of the man, I could have made a pretty good defense, even if discovered.

Underneath the platform was loose gravel, and as an additional precaution I scooped out, close to the side boarding, a rough long enough for me to lie in. Then I got into the hole, shoveled the sand over my legs and piled the rest up in a heap close to me, so that by a few sweeps of my arm I could cover my whole body, leaving only my mouth and nose exposed, and those below the level. That made me feel pretty safe, for, even if the cowboys found the loose plank and crawled in, it would take uncommon good eyesight in the darkness to find me. I had hollowed out my living grave to fit, and if I could have smoked I should have been decidedly comfortable. Sleep I dared not indulge in, and the sequel showed that I was right in not slowing myself that luxury.

I hadn't much more than comfortably settled myself and let thoughts of a cigar and a nap flit through my mind when a row up the street showed that the jail breaking had been discovered. Then followed shouts and confusion for a few moments, while a search was being organized. I heard some horsemen ride over the tracks, and also down the street, followed by the hurried footsteps of half a dozen men. Some banged at the doors of the specials, while others knocked at the station door.

One of the Cullens' servants opened the door of 218, and I heard the sheriff's voice telling him he'd got to search the car. The darky protested, saying that the "gentleman" was all away and only de miss inside. The row brought Miss Cullen to the door, and I heard her ask what was the matter.

"Sorry to trouble you, miss," said the sheriff, "but a prisoner has broken jail, and we've got to look for him."

"Escaped?" cried Madge joyfully.

"How?"

"That's just what gets away with me," said the sheriff. "My idea is—"

"Don't waste time on theories," said Camp's voice angrily. "Search the car."

"Sorry to discommode a lady," said the sheriff gallantly, "but if we may just look around a little?"

"My father and brothers went out a few minutes ago," said Madge hesitatingly, "and I don't know if they would be willing."

Camp laughed angrily and said, "Stand aside there."

"Don't you worry," said the sheriff. "If he's on the car, he can't get away. We'll send a feller up for Mr. Cullen, while we search Mr. Gordon's car and the station."

They set about it at once and used up ten minutes in the task. Then I heard Camp say:

"Come, we can't wait all night for permission to search this car. Go ahead."

"I hope you'll wait till my father comes," said Madge.

"Now go slow, Mr. Camp," said the sheriff. "We mustn't discomfort the lady if we can avoid it."

"I believe you're wasting time in order to help him escape," spluttered Camp, so angry as hardly to be able to articulate. "If you won't do your duty, I'll take the law into my own hands and order the car searched."

"Nothing of the kind," said the sheriff. "But when a female is in question, a gentleman, Mr. Camp, you should be polite."

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"Two of you fellows get down below the car and crawl in under the truck where you can't be seen. Evidently that cuss isn't here, but he's likely to come by and by. If so, nab him if you can, and if you can't fire two shots. Moseley, are you loaded?"

"I'll claw terbacker?" asked Moseley ironically, clearly insulted at the suggestion that he would travel without a gun.

"Then keep a sharp lookout and listen to everything you hear, especially the whereabouts of some letters. If you can spot their lay, crawl out and get word to me at once. Now, under you go before they come out."

I heard two men drop into the gravel close alongside of where I lay and then crawl under the truck of 218. They weren't a moment too soon, for the next instant I heard two or three people jump on to the platform and Albert Cullen's voice drawl, "Aw, by dove, what's the row?" Camp not enlightening them, Lord Rallos suggested that they get on the car to find out, and the three did so. A moment later the sheriff came to the door and told Camp that I was not to be found.

"I told you this was the last place to look for the cuss, Mr. Camp," he said. "We've just discomforted the lady for nothing."

"Then we must search elsewhere," said Camp. "Come on, boys."

The sheriff turned and made another elaborate apology for having had to trouble the lady.

I heard Madge tell him that he hadn't troubled her at all, and then, as the cowboys and Camp walked off, she added, "And, Mr. Ginton, I want to thank you for repaying Mr. Camp's swearing."

"Thank you, miss," said the sheriff. "We fellows are a little rough at times, but we know what's due to a lady."

"Papa," said Madge as soon as he was out of hearing, "the sheriff is the most beautiful sweeter I ever heard of."

For awhile there was silence round the station. I suppose the party in 218 were comparing notes, while the two cowboys and I laid the best reasons for being quiet. Presently, however, the men came out of the car and jumped on the platform. Madge evidently followed them to the door, for she called, "Please let me know the moment any thing happens or you learn something."

"Better go to bed, Madge," Albert called. "You'll only worry, and it's after 8."

"I couldn't sleep if I tried," she answered.

Their footsteps died away in a moment, and I heard her close the door of 218. In a few moments she opened it again, and, stepping down to the station platform, began to pace up and down it. If I had only dared, I could have put my finger through the crack of the planks and touched her foot as she walked over my head, but I was afraid it might startle her into a shriek, and there was no explaining to her what it meant without telling the cowboys how close they were to their quarry.

Madge hadn't walked from one end of the platform to the other more than three or four times when I heard some one coming. She evidently heard it also, for she said:

"I began to be afraid you hadn't understood me."

"I thought you told me to see first if I were needed," said a voice that even the distance and the planks did not prevent me from recognizing as that of Lord Rallos.

"Yes," said she. "You are sure you can be spared?"

"I couldn't be of the slightest use," said Rallos, getting on to the platform and joining Madge. "It's as black as ink everywhere, and I don't think there's anything to be done till daylight."

"Then I'm glad you came back, for I really want to say something—to ask the greatest favor of you."

"You only have to tell me what it is," said his lordship.

"Even that is very hard," said Madge. "If—if— Oh, I'm afraid I haven't the courage after all."

"I'll be glad to do anything I can."

"It's—well—oh, dear, I can't. Let's walk a little, while I think how to put it."

They began to walk, which took a weight off my mind, as I had been forced to hear every word said thus far and was dreading what might follow, since I was perfectly helpless to warn them. The platform was built around the station and in a moment they were out of hearing.

Before many seconds were over, however, they had walked round the building, and I heard Lord Rallos say:

"You really don't mean that he's insulted you?"

"That is just what I do mean," cried Madge indignantly. "It's been almost past endurance. I haven't dared to tell any one, but he had the cruelty, the meanness, on Hance's trail to threaten that—"

At that point the walkers turned the corner again, and I could not hear the rest of the sentence. But I had heard more than enough to make me grow hot with indignation, even while I could

(Continued on page three.)

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Business Cards.

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—AND—
LOPEZ WHARF,
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ORANGES.
DATES,
FIGS.

The Mercury.

JOHN F. BARNES, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1897.

Another week has passed and the Grackles still "hold the fort" at Crete.

Just one Democrat has occupied the presidential chair since 1891, and his own party insist that he was a terrible failure.

The large number of burglaries and holdups with which Providence has been pestered for the past several months seems to have at last aroused the authorities of that city to the importance of taking some action toward putting a stop to the atrocities. The Mayor and Aldermen have now offered \$1500 in reward for the apprehension and conviction of the perpetrators and the police force has been materially increased.

The ticket nominated by the Republicans on Tuesday is a good one. The candidates are all men of prominence who have already filled high official positions in the State. They are entitled to the confidence of every citizen and will receive the solid Republican vote. Hon. Elihu Dyer, who heads the ticket, was for many years Adjutant General of the State, and Hon. A. J. Pothier, the nominee for Lieutenant Governor, has been Mayor of Woonsocket for several terms. The candidates for Secretary of State and General Treasurer are the present incumbents—Charles P. Bennett and Samuel Clark—who have already served many terms and who are always re-elected upon their merits. Willard B. Tanner, the nominee for Attorney General, is a prominent member of the Rhode Island bar and has already filled the office of assistant attorney general.

Our free trade contemporaries, like the Providence Journal, are very much agitated just now because the Republican party in Congress propose to enact a tariff bill that will raise sufficient revenue to support the Government and at the same time protect American industries. They cite the fact that the Republican party was turned down in '92 on account of the tariff and that the same thing will happen again if the present Dingley tariff bill becomes a law. Why, bless your souls, dear friends, the people have learned some things since '92. They have had four years in which to repent in sackcloth and ashes for their action at that time in following just such free trade leaders as wish to hoodwink the people again. Because of their action four years ago the country has suffered as it never suffered before, and this time the people rose to their might to undo what they ignorantly did then. As the great sponsor for Protection the people elected him in November. He would be false to the great laboring masses that put him in office if he did not now do all in his power to protect home labor and home industries, that this great mass of people who have seen through the folly of free trade for four years of stagnation might find employment and capital a safe return for its investment. Our free trade shouters may mislead the people once, but it is an unpropitious time for them to try to repeat the job just now. The Dingley tariff bill is going to be enacted, prosperity is going to return to this country and this administration is going to be the medium for bringing happiness to many a long suffering one who followed false leaders four years ago.

The President's Message.

President McKinley's first message to Congress was brief, terse and very much to the point. When the extraordinary session was convened on Monday, after the organization, followed the reading of the President's message, which contained no attempt at oratory or fine writing, but which gave a direct statement of the condition in which the new administration takes the reins of government. The reading was completed in less than ten minutes.

The President gave a brief statement of the financial situation prior to March 1, 1897. For the year ending June 30, 1896, the excess of receipts over expenditures was very nearly one million dollars and during that year over forty million dollars was paid on the public debt. During the year ending June 30, 1897 the excess of receipts over expenditures was but little more than two million dollars; since that time, the receipts of no year have exceeded the expenditures during the same period. For the year ending June 30, 1897 the deficit was nearly seventy million dollars and the gold reserve was down upon for the payment of current expenses.

In February, 1897, \$50,000,000 in bonds were issued, and in November following, a second issue of \$5,000,000 was deemed necessary. The sum of \$117,171,795 was realized by the sale of these bonds. But the reserve was steadily decreased, until, on Feb. 8, 1896, a third sale of \$62,316,400 in bonds for \$65,110,244, was announced to Congress. The receipts of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, were \$390,353,203.38, and the expenditures \$403,178,420.48, showing a deficit of \$12,825,217.10. A further loan of \$100,000,000 was negotiated by the government in February, 1896, the sale of \$111,163,246, and swelling the aggregate of bonds issued within three years to \$202,315,400. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, the revenues amounted to \$409,476,458.78, while the expenditures were \$434,678,654.48, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of

\$25,202,195.70. The total deficit for the three years ending June 30, 1897 was \$137,811,720.46; and the receipts for the first eight months of the present year, ending March 1, 1897, have been \$43,219,850.93 less than the expenditures.

The President urged upon Congress the necessity of immediately devising some means of replenishing the revenues of the government, not only for the ordinary expenses but sufficient for the prompt payment of pensions and the liquidation of the principal and interest of the public debt. In accordance with his principles of protection he advised the raising of the revenue by imposing duties upon such imported goods as will protect our own citizens—producers, manufacturers, farmers, traders and laborers.

"The necessity of the passage of a tariff law which shall provide ample revenue need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that Congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the government without the contracting of further debt, or the continued disturbance of our finances."

The Dingley Bill

The new tariff bill which has been in course of preparation by the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee was presented in the House of Representatives on Monday immediately after the formalities of organization. The date when the new tariff will go into effect is named in the original draft as May 1 next. The bill has two purposes, to increase the revenue and encourage the industries of the United States. On the basis of the importations of last year, the bill would increase the revenue about \$113,000,000, but allowing for the decrease in importations owing to increased duties, the amount of revenue to be derived would be somewhere about \$75,000,000.

The general rates of duties proposed are between the rates of the McKinley Bill and the Wilson Bill, so-called, the reduction of rates from the former being occasioned by the changed conditions of the country at the present day. Changes from the free list of the tariff of 1891 have been made by transferring wool, rubber, crude opium, argols, paintings and statuary, straw ornaments, straw matting, burpans and various other articles to the dutiable list; by increasing the duty on woolens to compensate the manufacturer for the duty placed on wool; by raising the duty on sugar about three-fourths of a cent per pound, in order to encourage the production of sugar in this country, which, it is believed, can be done, and thus give our farmers a new crop, which we now import mainly from abroad; by increasing the duty on agricultural products affected by Canadian competition, and on the cotton goods, some advanced manufactures of iron and steel, manufactures of jute, flax and hemp, in order to encourage these and other industries here, and especially by increasing duties on such luxuries as liquors, tobacco, silks and lace, etc.

The iron and steel schedule and the cotton schedule remain very nearly the same as in the present tariff, the only changes being in the more advanced articles. In the agricultural, wool and glass and earthenware schedules also are the duties of the not of 1890 fully restored as a rule and in a few cases increased.

The reciprocity provisions of the act of 1890 have not only been fully restored, but this policy has been extended by adding to sugar, tea, coffee and hides as articles on which to make reciprocal agreements, such articles as champagne, brandy, wines, artificial and natural mineral waters, coffee, argols and silk laces. In addition to these articles the reciprocity provision is strengthened greatly by providing for a reduction of duties on them to countries giving us similar concessions. Special attention has been given to the adoption of specific duties in the textile schedules. The cotton schedule is even more elaborate than under existing law, and carries out most of the changes asked by the Fall River manufacturers. The paragraph subjecting handkerchiefs in the piece to the same rates as cotton cloth of like description is incorporated, and it is provided that such handkerchiefs shall not pay less than 45 per cent. ad valorem. If hemmed, they are to pay 10 per cent. additional duty, and if embroidered, with monograms or otherwise, they are not to pay less than 60 per cent.

The Scales are Falling Off

A Chicagoite is to be noted in the attitude of many Democratic papers toward a protective tariff. They are not as sure as they were four years ago that protective ideas are without merit. In the first place, says an exchange, their party, after distinctly pledging itself to enact a tariff for revenue only, shrink from fulfilling the promise when it had possession of all branches of the government. The tariff that was established, and which now impoverishes the treasury and clogs the industries of the people, is acknowledged by all parties to be a non-descript. It is protective in spots to suit certain party interests, and to this extent is a deal of free trade doctrine. Its disastrous failure to provide a sufficient revenue and encourage business activities is clear that no one ventures to dispute the fact. The existing tariff has no friends, and never had any as a whole, having been disowned by its author, and becoming a law without the sanction of a Democratic President.

In view of the hesitation of their party to adopt a policy of free trade when it had a choice, a lot of the lamentable re-

sults of the present tariff, it is not strange that Democratic editors generally express a desire not to obstruct the passage of a protective law by the Legislature, as outlined in the St. Louis platform. While these Democratic journals are opposed to a high protective tariff, they are evidently of the opinion that the Republicans can not do less than pass such a bill as is demanded by their distinct agreement with the people. Some go further than this. The Brooklyn "Examiner," after advising the passage of a tariff act, furnishing ample revenue for the running expenses of the government, remarks: "It is our own belief that the intelligence of Democracy is relinquishing much of its old-time animosity toward the protectionist school, and that it will continue to relinquish it to the extent that the degradation and debasement of labor conditions abroad are the more understood and appreciated." In other words, American wages must be maintained by a protective policy. It is sound Republican doctrine.

As a line of political action, free trade is in decadence the world over. Without the support of England there would hardly be enough of it left to be worth an inventory, and there is a growing sentiment against it in that country based partly on the recent invasion of its markets by the manufactured goods of protectionist countries. But no nation has quite as many reasons for protection as the United States. Our wage-workers are accustomed to better pay than can be obtained in Europe, and to a higher standard of living. It seems that some of the Democratic papers concede that this point rests on the application of the principle of protection, and they are ready to approve its embodiment in the new tariff. It is a long step in the right direction, and in time will naturally lead to an admission that the development of our American industries is well worth looking after in a reasonable way.

Annual Meeting.

The corporation of the Island Cemetery held its annual meeting in the Senate chamber of the State House Monday evening, with Wm. B. Sherman in the chair. The report of the board of trustees showed that considerable labor had been expended in the care of the lots and avenues as well as in grading and seeding new sections, thereby giving additional room and improving the appearance of the cemetery. It was also reported that the water of the inlet duct in water into the cemetery was still under discussion and it is hoped to do something in this direction during the coming year. The treasurer's report showed the past year to have been a particularly prosperous one, financially.

Messrs. William B. Sherman, Wm. E. Dennis and Howard Smith were unanimously re-elected directors for three years.

The board of directors organized Thursday by re-electing Henry Bull, president, Henry C. Stevens, Secretary and Treasurer, William E. Dennis and Robert S. Frankha auditors, and Andrew K. McMahon superintendent. Messrs. Bull, Sherman and Franklin were made the committee in care of the grounds.

Silver is down very near the lowest point which it ever touched, while wheat is at a high level, and is likely to go higher. Nobody hears the parrot talk now of silver and wheat being yoked together, but this is because the silver issue is dead, temporarily or eternally.

Chairman Dingley thinks the new tariff bill can be put through in time to go into effect June 1. If it could be submitted to the people it would be made operative on April 1.

Rev. Dr. Randolph is enjoying a visit to Philadelphia. Rev. J. Wheeler of Pawtucket will occupy the pulpit at the Central Baptist church tomorrow.

Poster's Weather Bulletin. Copyrighted, 1894, by W. T. Foster. St. Joseph, Mo., March 20.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from the Pacific coast about 20th, across the west of the Rockies country by close of 30th, great central valleys 31st to April 21, eastern states April 31.

Warm waves will cross the west of Rockies country about 22nd, great central valleys 31st, eastern states April 23. Cool waves will cross the west of Rockies country about April 1st, great central valleys 21st, eastern states April 23.

A very considerable drop in temperature will occur during the last week in March, but cannot now determine whether it will develop its greatest fall after this or the preceding storm wave. Therefore it is best to be prepared for both periods.

A very warm period will occur between 20th and 21st and this may extend to 31st but probably will not. Then following this warm period, probably not far from 20th, probably not far from 21st, a cool wave will spread over the country causing frosts in northern states that may do some damage.

Many suppose that the temperature must go to freezing before frosts can occur. This is an error. Frosts may occur when the temperature of the air is at 40 while the freezing point is at 32. This peculiar fact is not explained by orthodox science.

The Masonic Fraternity in Pawtucket are about to build an elegant Masonic Temple. The building is located in the best part of the city, and the lower stories will be occupied by the city for offices, etc. The corner stone of this building will be laid by the Grand Lodge of the State on April 15th.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH 1897.	STANDARD TIME.
20 Sat. Moon 11:12 High water 11:12	21 Sun. Moon 12:12 High water 12:12
22 Mon. Moon 1:12 High water 1:12	23 Tue. Moon 2:12 High water 2:12
24 Wed. Moon 3:12 High water 3:12	25 Thu. Moon 4:12 High water 4:12
26 Fri. Moon 5:12 High water 5:12	27 Sat. Moon 6:12 High water 6:12
28 Sun. Moon 7:12 High water 7:12	29 Mon. Moon 8:12 High water 8:12
30 Tue. Moon 9:12 High water 9:12	31 Wed. Moon 10:12 High water 10:12

A. O'D. TAYLOR.

Real Estate Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Furnished Cottages for the Season. Mr. Taylor's list of furnished cottages and villas for rent for the coming summer season, is now ready and will be sent on application.

Thames Street Property For Sale. A fine property at the north end of Thames Street, containing about 6000 square feet, with two double tenement houses thereon. Price about \$10,000.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 16th inst., by Rev. Brewer G. Barnard, Mr. George W. Alder to Miss Edith H. Carleton, both of Newport.

DEATHS.

In this city, 19th inst., Franklin P. Dawley, aged 43 years.

In this city, 16th inst., Louis Heegan, in the 71th year of his age.

In this city, 16th inst., Thomas Cooke, son of John and the late Mary Cooke, aged 19 years.

In this city, 16th inst., Thomas Cooke, son of the late George T. Hammond, in the 1st year of his age.

In this city, 12th inst., John E. Lake, in the 66th year of his age.

In this city, 12th inst., Patrick Marks, aged 43 years.

In Portsmouth, 12th inst., Ruth H., wife of Christopher Barker, in the 75th year of her age.

In Little Compton, 16th inst., E. M. T. wife of George W. Church, aged 75 years, 6 months, 21 days.

In Little Compton, 12th inst., Charles H. Wilbur, in his 69th year.

In Providence, 15th inst., J. Abram Gault, aged 74 years, 6 months, 10 days.

In Fall River, 15th inst., Priscilla W., widow of Edward C. Mason, in her 54th year.

In Fall River, 15th inst., Lucy A., widow of Joseph Dyer, M. D., in her 87th year.

In Westport, 15th inst., Hannah Wing, in her 86th year.

SIXTEEN!

Yes, there is sixteen! Building lots for sale. They are "barren" lots situated in the 34th ward in Newport, R. I., and are on a high elevation in close proximity to Broad Street and the electric car line. These lots are sold as well as in price, and cannot fail to please one in search of a desirable lot at a low figure. Call and see the plot and be convinced that the truth has been spoken.

SIMEON HAZARD,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance, 94 BROADWAY,

Newport, R. I.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, colic and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, and regulate the liver and bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

is the name of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure all the ailments of the liver and bowels, and are very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are sure to be effective and do not give any pain, but by their gentle action place all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SEED POTATOES.

Rose, Northern, New Q. 1333, H. 3333. This is a lot of the very best of stock, and it picked up from the potato houses and called seed, but raised especially for seed from pure stock. Before you buy please call and examine my stock.

CHITTENDEN FERTILIZERS AND STOCKBRIDGE MANURES

ON HAND AT ALL TIMES.

Grass Seeds.

Call in and examine the goods. I will give you prices, less the cost of a man horse and wagon to call on you.

Seed Oats, Garden Seeds.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164 BROADWAY.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Speaker Reed's Third Election.—The third time Reed was elected Speaker of the House, a position which he had held before, is a record only to the President. There was no opposition to his re-election, and the nomination of Mr. Reed at any of the other offices of the House in the last Congress. It was in the course of all of them, except Mr. Reed, simply and good term deserting another, while in his case it was two good terms, although not on a contra one, deserting another.

Reed's record is a record of big time Reed and his record as a Speaker. Reed has had to face some very difficult and intricate parliamentary situations, but he has never even in a single instance failed to force from them credit for himself and for the republican party. Although a partisan of partisans upon all purely political questions, no Speaker has ever had more, and few as many, warm personal friends among his political opponents.

In starting in upon this extra session of Congress, the country has been disappointed to see Reed at the head of the House, which will be directed by so experienced a parliamentarian as Mr. Reed. A casual of large proportions may be shown up in connection with the vote of Judge Linn, Mr. Cleveland's Commissioner of the United States Land Office, in what is known as the Chicago land front case. Secretary Bliss has made a decision of lands in favor of certain parties and ordered a new trial of the case. Mr. Secretary Bliss, who is now the attorney of the parties whose Linnoreux tried to favor, may be mixed up in the scandal, as it is hinted that he was interested in the case while a member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Linnoreux tendered his resignation and left Washington several days before the close of the Cleveland administration, but his resignation has not been accepted and present indications are that it will not be, but that he will be dismissed. Some very valuable Chicago real estate is involved in this case.

It might be supposed from the concerted jelling from the democratic free traders at the now completed tariff bill, that they are really surprised to find that Chairman Dingley and his republican associates have made a protection bill, just as the democratic free traders predicted the republican party to do.

They are predicting that they expected the rates of duty in the new bill to be much lower than they are. The new bill is a republican measure from beginning to end, intended to supply the \$3,000,000 annual deficit in the Government receipts, and at the same time to give the American working man a profitable employment in the market, the best in the whole world, to our own manufacturers and producers from whom it was taken largely and presented to foreigners by the tariff enacted by democrats. Whether the tariff bill will become a law in its present shape is a matter beyond telling, but it is a bill that every republican will gladly vote for just as it stands, and no material changes are likely to be made before it passes the House. If changes are made in the Senate, it will be because they are necessary to get votes needed to pass it, and not because of any republican objection to it. President McKinley would gladly sign the bill just as it is and have his administration stand or fall upon its workings.

President McKinley's rule requiring the Congressional delegation to unite in recommending men for office, while disappointing to a few individuals, is on the whole a good one, and one that makes it well-nigh impossible to make a bad appointment. The few appointments made up to this time have been preeminently good. The decision on the part of the administration to go slow in making appointments will also commend itself to the people at large, who are much more interested in seeing the policy inaugurated that will restore the prosperity of the country than in who shall get the comparatively few offices at President McKinley's disposal.

Of course most republicans wish to see all the places under the Government, not covered by Civil Service Rules, filled by good republicans, men who are in sympathy with the party principles and policy, and they will be right in the course of a few months, but for the considered necessary, will be made. It is altogether probable that when more important matters have been disposed of, some of the extensions of the civil service rules, which are known to have been made solely for the purpose of keeping democrats in office, will be set aside. Steps are now being quickly taken that will put the country on a new basis in connection with some of Mr. Cleveland's extensions of the civil service rules. There is no more sincere advocate of the true spirit of civil service reform than President McKinley, and where it is shown that the civil service rules have more been made a cloak to cover the rancor of partisanship, he will not hesitate to strip the cloak off the partisans.

\$100 Reward \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the cause of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have to offer a hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials to J. C. HALL, 21 COLUMBIA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Druggists, 15c.

The world is full of blind Samaras, who spend their lives gliding in a mud.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of faintness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

Mrs. DEBORA LEBMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 21th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and rheumatism, and the worst forms of womb troubles. Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sensitive Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stronger and healthier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the government without the contracting of further debt, or the continued disturbance of our finances.

CONGRESS MEETS.

Extraordinary Session to Consider Tariff Bill.

President McKinley's First Message to Congress Urges Immediate Passage of Act to Increase Revenue.

Washington, March 16.—Both houses of congress assembled yesterday in extraordinary session, pursuant to a call issued by President McKinley. The principal measure to be considered is the tariff bill, which has been prepared by the ways and means committee. As soon as the house had organized, Chairman Dingley introduced the measure.

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Following is President McKinley's message:

To the Congress of the United States:—Repeating the necessity which has required me to call you together, I feel that your assembly in an extraordinary session is indispensable because of the condition in which we find the revenues of the government. It is conceded that its current expenditures are greater than its receipts and that such a condition has existed for now more than three years. With unlimited means at our command, we are presenting the remarkable spectacle of increasing our public debt by borrowing money to meet the ordinary outlays incident upon even an economical and prudent administration of the government. An examination of every detail and leads inevitably to the conclusion that the condition of the revenue which allows it is unjustifiable and should be corrected.

We find by the reports of the secretary of the treasury that the revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, from all sources were \$428,582,202.22, and the expenditures for the same period were \$445,306,556, leaving an excess of receipts over expenditures of \$16,715,653.68. During that fiscal year, \$18,570,167.55 were paid upon the public debt, which had been reduced, since March 1, 1895, \$252,076,830, and the annual interest charge decreased \$1,583,558.80.

The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, amounted to \$428,582,202.22, and its expenditures to \$445,306,556, showing an excess of receipts over expenditures of \$16,715,653.68.

Since that time the receipts of no fiscal year, and with few exceptions of no month of any fiscal year, have exceeded the expenditures. The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, were \$422,902,152.29, and its expenditures \$442,695,788.57, leaving a deficit, the first since the resumption of specie payments, of \$19,793,636.28.

Notwithstanding there was a decrease of \$16,763,128.55 in the ordinary expenses of the government as compared with the previous fiscal year, its income was still not sufficient to provide for its daily necessities, and the gold reserve in the treasury for the redemption of greenbacks was drawn upon to meet them. But this did not suffice, and the government then resorted to loans to replenish the reserve.

In February, 1897, \$30,000,000 in bonds were issued, and in November following a second issue of \$5,000,000 was deemed necessary. The sum of \$117,171,795 was realized by the sale of these bonds, but the reserve was steadily decreased, until, on Feb. 8, 1896, a third sale of \$62,316,400 in bonds for \$65,110,244 was announced to congress.

The receipts of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, were \$390,353,203.38, and the expenditures \$403,178,420.48, showing a deficit of \$12,825,217.10. A further loan of \$100,000,000 was negotiated by the government in February, 1896, the sale of \$111,163,246, and swelling the aggregate of bonds issued within three years to \$202,315,400. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, the revenues of the government from all sources amounted to \$409,476,458.78, while its expenditures were \$434,678,654.48, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of

\$25,202,195.70. The total deficit for the three years ending June 30, 1897 was \$137,8

HERBS.

ALL kinds of herbs in general use
on sale at the

Enterprise Store

No. 64 Thames St.,

In quantities from one ounce up
any not in stock will be prepared at
once.

N. B.—These have been selected
care by experienced herbalists, &
warranted.

1-7-11 E. W. F.

LYRENS
NOW
GARDINER
TWO CARTRIDGE LIVES
Stove and

DISCHARGING BY
B. REYNOLDS & CO.
S. VALLEY and "CORBIN" RED A
COAL!
and Chestnut Sizes.

of a rabbit. He claimed it as a
for Jewish womanhood. Mrs. S.
spoke on the work of the rescue
of Jewish Women.

Aunt Sally Carroll, who di-
ed on day at Marion, Ga., in her
sixty-seventh year, was a native of Ireland
for a long time. During the war
and a few years ago, she did not
go to work, and though there were no
directors to pass each day, she
had a very successful career.

Her home was lived in by her son and
daughter, who were both in the military
service, and who were both in the military

They Will Bear Watching
times.

"You," said the new cashier, had no idea like a watch. You can't buy by my work."

"All right," responded the business man, "the merry occasion of your first case in mind and see that you do not accumulate any superfluities in your movements."—[Indiana Journal.

The exotist should remember even postage stamps become up when they get stuck on themselves.

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Beware Pedd
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your grocer sends you an invitation, be

doing no harm, that cleans it, by doing away with the scrub, rub that wears things out; saves labor, time and money, and common soap—then you wonder, why do use Pearlina, but that

Due from National Banks (not
reserve accounts) 141 21
Line of Federal Reserve Bank 51,287 10
Checks and other cash items 6,320 72
Notes of other National Banks 3,241 09
Federal Reserve paper currency, notes,
and coins 270 00
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN HAND, viz:
Specie 3,700 00
United States bonds 10,613 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas-
urer (in State of circulation) 5,400 00

TOTAL ASSETS \$171,326 22

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in \$120,000 00
Surplus funds 65,000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and
taxes paid 19,434 31
National bank notes outstanding 10,000 00
Due to State banks and bankers 21,261 91
Dividends unpaid 375 00
United States deposits subject to check 147,175 00
Due to Federal Reserve Bank 10,000 00
Deposits of U. S. deposits 18,325 14
Deposits of U. S. Disturbing officers 963 73

TOTAL LIABILITIES \$171,326 22

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.
I, Nath'l R. Swinburne, Cashier of the above
named bank, do hereby certify that the above
statement is true to the best of my
knowledge and belief.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th
day of March, 1897.

W. H. PACKER, H. RAMSAY,
Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: John S. Langley, Francis
S. Barker, T. Munro and Seligman, Directors.

Mr. Dennis W. Sheehan is slowly re-
covering from a severe attack of
Grippe. He has been confined to the